Friends

by

Edgar A Guest

21
VE

MAPLEWOOD BAPTIST CHURCH
MARSHALL AT MARIETTA
MAPLEWOOD 17, MO.

Edgar Guest

▿ ▿ ▿

Gift Books

▿ ▿ ▿

Mother

Friends

Home

821
GUE
(~~copy 2~~)

FRIENDS

by

Edgar A. Guest

413

The Reilly & Lee Co.
CHICAGO

MAPLEWOOD BAPTIST CHURCH
MARSHALL AT MARIETTA
MAPLEWOOD 17, MO.

Printed in the U. S. A.

Copyright, 1925
by
The Reilly & Lee Co.

All Rights Reserved

Friends

CONTENTS

Poem	*Page*
A Friend's Greeting	7
Eternal Friendship	9
Be a Friend	11
The Kindly Neighbor	13
The Making of Friends	14
The Obligation of Friendship	16
Lines For a Friend's House	17
When Friends Drop In	19
Friends	22
To an Old Friend	24
First Name Friends	26
Trouble Brings Friends	29

A Friend's Greeting

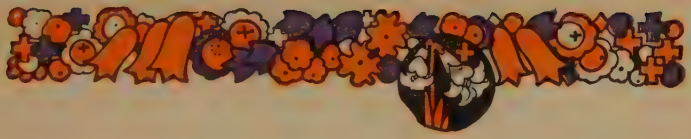
I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have been to me;
I'd like to be the help that you've been always glad
to be;
I'd like to mean as much to you each minute of the day
As you have meant, old friend of mine, to me along the
way.

I'd like to do the big things and the splendid things for
you,
To brush the gray from out your skies and leave them
only blue;
I'd like to say the kindly things that I so oft have heard,
And feel that I could rouse your soul the way that mine
you've stirred.

I'd like to give you back the joy that you have given me,
Yet that were wishing you a need I hope will never be;

I'd like to make you feel as rich as I, who travel on
Undaunted in the darkest hours with you to lean upon.

I'm wishing as the days go on that I could but repay
A portion of the gladness that you've strewn along my
way;
And could I have one wish this year, this only would
it be:
I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have been to me.



Eternal Friendship

Who once has had a friend has found
  The link 'twixt mortal and divine;
Though now he sleeps in hallowed ground,
  He lives in memory's sacred shrine;
And there he freely moves about,
  A spirit that has quit the clay,
And in the times of stress and doubt
  Sustains his friend throughout the day.

No friend we love can ever die;
  The outward form but disappears;
I know that all my friends are nigh
  Whenever I am moved to tears.
And when my strength and hope are gone,
  The friends, no more, that once I knew,

Return to cheer and urge me on
  Just as they always used to do.

They whisper to me in the dark
  Kind words of counsel and of cheer;
When hope has flickered to a spark
  I feel their gentle spirits near.
And Oh! because of them I strive
  With all the strength that I can call
To keep their friendship still alive
  And to be worthy of them all.

Death does not end our friendships true;
  We are all debtors to the dead;
There, wait on everything we do
  The splendid souls who've gone ahead.
To them I hold that we are bound
  By double pledges to be fine.
Who once has had a friend has found
  The link 'twixt mortal and divine.

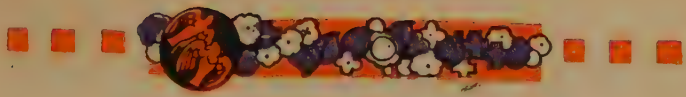
Be a Friend

Be a friend. You don't need money:
Just a disposition sunny;
Just the wish to help another
Get along some way or other;
Just a kindly hand extended
Out to one who's unbefriended;
Just the will to give or lend,
This will make you someone's friend.

Be a friend. You don't need glory.
Friendship is a simple story.
Pass by trifling errors blindly,
Gaze on honest effort kindly,
Cheer the youth who's bravely trying,
Pity him who's sadly sighing;

Just a little labor spend
On the duties of a friend.

Be a friend. The pay is bigger
(Though not written by a figure)
Than is earned by people clever
In what's merely self-endeavor.
You'll have friends instead of neighbors
For the profits of your labors;
You'll be richer in the end
Than a prince, if you're a friend.



The Kindly Neighbor

I have a kindly neighbor, one who stands
Beside my gate and chats with me awhile,
Gives me the glory of his radiant smile
And comes at times to help with willing hands.
No station high or rank this man commands,
He, too, must trudge, as I, the long day's mile;
And yet, devoid of pomp or gaudy style,
He has a worth exceeding stocks or lands.

To him I go when sorrow's at my door,
On him I lean when burdens come my way,
Together oft we talk our trials o'er
And there is warmth in each good-night we say.
A kindly neighbor! Wars and strife shall end
When man has made the man next door his friend.

The Making of Friends

If nobody smiled and nobody cheered and nobody helped us along,
If each every minute looked after himself and good things all went to the strong,
If nobody cared just a little for you, and nobody thought about me,
And we stood all alone to the battle of life, what a dreary old world it would be!

If there were no such a thing as a flag in the sky as a symbol of comradeship here,
If we lived as the animals live in the woods, with nothing held sacred or dear,
And selfishness ruled us from birth to the end, and never a neighbor had we,
And never we gave to another in need, what a dreary old world it would be!

Oh, if we were rich as the richest on earth and strong as
the strongest that lives,
Yet never we knew the delight and the charm of the
smile which the other man gives,
If kindness were never a part of ourselves, though we
owned all the land we could see,
And friendship meant nothing at all to us here, what a
dreary old world it would be!

Life is sweet just because of the friends we have made
and the things which in common we share;
We want to live on not because of ourselves, but because
of the people who care;
It's giving and doing for somebody else—on that all
life's splendor depends,
And the joy of this world, when you've summed it all
up, is found in the making of friends.

The Obligation of Friendship

You ought to be fine for the sake of the folks
Who think you are fine.
If others have faith in you doubly you're bound
To stick to the line.
It's not only on you that dishonor descends:
You can't hurt yourself without hurting your friends.

You ought to be true for the sake of the folks
Who believe you are true.
You never should stoop to a deed that your friends
Think you wouldn't do.
If you're false to yourself, be the blemish but small,
You have injured your friends; you've been false to them all.

For friendship, my boy, is a bond between men
That is founded on truth:

It believes in the best of the ones that it loves,
Whether old man or youth;
And the stern rule it lays down for me and for you
Is to be what our friends think we are, through and through.

Lines For a Friend's House

God bless this house and all within it,
Let no harsh spirit enter in it,
Let none approach who would betray,
None with a bitter word to say.
Shield it from harm and sorrow's sting,
Here let the children's laughter ring,
Grant that these friends from year to year
Shall build their happiest memories here.

God bless this house and those who love it,
Fair be the skies which bend above it.

May never anger's thoughtless word
Within these sheltering walls be heard,
May all who rest beside this fire
And then depart, glad thoughts inspire,
And make them feel who close the door,
Friendship has graced their home once more.

God bless this house and those who keep it,
In the sweet oils of gladness steep it,
Endow these walls with lasting wealth,
The light of love, the glow of health,
The palm of peace, the charm of mirth,
Good friends to sit around the hearth,
And with each nightfall perfect rest—
Here let them live their happiest.

When Friends Drop In

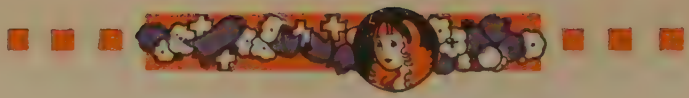
It may be I'm old-fashioned, but the times I like the best
Are not the splendid parties with the women gaily dressed,
And the music tuned for dancing and the laughter of the throng,
With a paid comedian's antics or a hired musician's song,
But the quiet times of friendship, with the chuckles and the grin,
And the circle at the fireside when a few good friends drop in.

There's something 'round the fireplace that no club can imitate,
And no throng can ever equal just a few folks near the grate;

Though I sometimes like an opera, there's no music quite so sweet
As the singing of the neighbors that you're always glad to meet.
Oh, I know when they come calling that the fun will soon begin,
And I'm happiest those evenings when a few good friends drop in.

There's no pomp of preparation, there's no style or sham or fuss;
We are glad to welcome callers who are glad to be with us,
And we sit around and visit or we start a merry game,
And we show them by our manner that we're mighty pleased they came.
For there's something real about it, and the yarns we love to spin,
And the time flies, Oh, so swiftly, when a few good friends drop in.

Let me live my life among them, cheerful, kindly folks
and true,
And I'll ask no greater glory till my time of life is
through;
Let me share the love and favor of the few who know
me best,
And I'll spend my time contented till my sun sinks in
the west;
I will take what fortune sends me and the little I may
win,
And be happy on those evenings when a few good
friends drop in.



Friends

Oh, what are scenes of beauty when your friends are far away,
And who could like a garden if alone he had to stay?
Though the skies are blue above you, there can be no peace of mind
Amid scenes of richest splendor if you've left your friends behind.

So I'll gladly brave a blizzard and I'll tramp the snowy street,
For at every turn and corner there are smiling friends to meet;
And though far away is sunshine, I find happiness depends,
Not on sky or trees or roses, but on being with your friends.

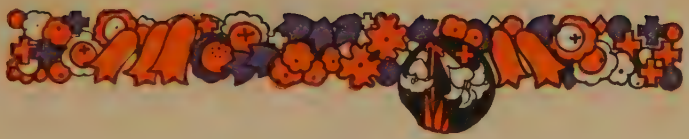
There was sunshine in the valley and the roses were in bloom,
The skies were blue above me, but I walked the place in gloom.
I was sad and discontented in a garden that was fair,
For with all the joy about me, not a friend of mine was there.

I'd have traded right that minute all the fields where violets grow,
And the balmy summer breezes for a sight of northern snow,
For the beauty of the blossoms had but little charm for me,
It was friendly, smiling faces I was hungering to see.

To an Old Friend

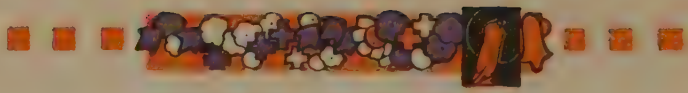
When we have lived our little lives and wandered all
their byways through,
When we've seen all that we shall see and finished all
that we must do,
When we shall take one backward look off yonder where
our journey ends,
I pray that you shall be as glad as I shall be that we
were friends.

Time was we started out to find the treasures and the
joys of life;
We sought them in the land of gold through many days
of bitter strife.



When we were young we yearned for fame; in search of joy we went afar,
Only to learn how very cold and distant all the strangers are.

When we have met all we shall meet and know what destiny has planned,
I shall rejoice in that last hour that I have known your friendly hand;
I shall go singing down the way off yonder as my sun descends
As one who's had a happy life, made glorious by the best of friends.



First Name Friends

Though some may yearn for titles great, and seek the
frills of fame,
I do not care to have an extra handle to my name.
I am not hungry for the pomp of life's high dignities,
I do not sigh to sit among the honored LL. D.'s.
I shall be satisfied if I can be unto the end,
To those I know and live with here, a simple, first-name
friend.

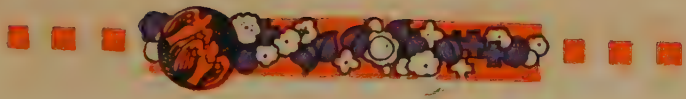
There's nothing like the comradeship which warms the
lives of those
Who make the glorious circle of the Jacks and Bills and
Joes.
With all his majesty and power, Old Caesar never knew

The joy of first-name fellowship, as all the Eddies do.
Let them who will be "mistered" here and raised above
the rest;
I hold a first-name greeting is by far the very best.

Acquaintance calls for dignity. You never really know
The man on whom the terms of pomp you feel you must
bestow.
Professor William Joseph Wise may be your friend, but
still
You are not certain of the fact till you can call him Bill.
But hearts grow warm and lips grow kind, and all the
shamming ends,
When you are in the company of good old first-name
friends.

The happiest men on earth are not the men of highest
rank;
That joy belongs to George, and Jim, to Henry and to
Frank;

With them the prejudice of race and creed and wealth
depart,
And men are one in fellowship and always light of
heart.
So I would live and laugh and love until my sun
descends,
And share the joyous comradeship of honest first-name
friends.



Trouble Brings Friends

It's seldom trouble comes alone. I've noticed this: when things go wrong
An' trouble comes a-visitin', it always brings a friend along;
Sometimes it's one you've known before, and then perhaps it's someone new
Who stretches out a helping hand an' stops to see what he can do.

If never trials came to us, if grief an' sorrow passed us by,
If every day the sun came out an' clouds were never in the sky,
We'd still have neighbors, I suppose, each one pursuin' selfish ends,

But only neighbors they would be—we'd never know them as our friends.

Out of the troubles I have had have come my richest friendships here,
Kind hands have helped to bear my care, kind words have fallen on my ear;
An' so I say when trouble comes I know before the storm shall end
That I shall find my bit of care has also brought to me a friend.

Date Due

Code 4386-04, CLS-4, Broadman Supplies, Nashville, Tenn., Printed in U.S.A.

821
CLASS

413
ACC.

Guest
(LAST NAME OF AUTHOR)

Friends
(BOOK TITLE)

MAPLEWOOD BAPTIST CHURCH
MARSHALL AT MARIETTA
MAPLEWOOD 17, MO.

STAMP LIBRARY OWNERSHIP

CLS-3

09-AYO-666